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THE POETRY OF HUMAN HABITATIONS.

The involuntary poetry which fills our minds on beholding the ruins of ancient castles, or the mouldering fane of a bygone religion, is amply recognised in literature. But our poets in and out of verse have in general strangely overlooked the fact, that structures of many other kinds, whether deserted of human tenantry or still occupied, are capable of exciting feelings scarcely less tender.

It is very common, in excursions amongst the pastoral districts of Scotland, to come to a spot in some degree sheltered by the hills, where a fragment of wall, and a patch of verdure brightly contrasting with the surrounding heath, show that it has formerly been the site of a cottage. Around such a spot, perhaps, no habitation of any kind is now to be seen. A few sheep straggle on the distant heights; the burn murmurs softly below; the wild bee hums suddenly past, a leaf of nature's music driven by the summer wind; but even these sights and sounds tell only of solitude. You are left to reflect that in this lonely place some simple rustic family once resided, with all their appropriate feelings, and interests, and virtues: beside this blackened fragment of wall, the fire-side circle was once formed; in that enclosure, once a garden, contemplative age has often sat in the sun; in that rill, jocund childhood has "paddled,"

"When summer days were prime,"—

days to be remembered in the most distant parts of the earth, and at every subsequent period of life. But years—you cannot imagine how many—have rolled on since any human being held this for his home. Perhaps there is not now one living thing that ever lived here. All is come and gone. And nature, for a few years altered a little by the signals of human presence, is now re-asserting her empire over the spot, and fast reducing it to its original condition. Here, I would assert, there is as much to awaken the poetry of feeling as in the ruin of the haughty baron, associated as it may be with chronicled deeds, or in the ivied abbey, however fair its polished pillars and lofty arches—yea, even though genius may have invested it with a charm beyond its own.

The truth is, it is not in any character of the building that the main interest lies—it is in the consideration that here human beings have lived and breathed, and joyed and sorrowed, as we are now doing, and in the consideration of what sort of people these human beings were.

Even in cities, the busy haunts of living men, there is much occasion for such sympathetic musings—not, it is true, in the modern streets, which are occupied by the class of people, or perhaps the very individuals, for whom they were built, but certainly in all the older districts. When one has lived a considerable number of years in any city, he comes to have recollections, in association with particular houses, referring to circumstances both in his own life and in the history of those who lived before him; and in these recollections there is often much poetry. Though he who has been born and reared in a city wants the natural images which so pleasantly surround a rural home, and though this is a kind of misfortune, yet it is surprising, after all, with what fondness he will revisit the scene consecrated to his heart by infantine and juvenile reminiscences. It was my fortune once to enter, after fully twenty-five years, the small and obscure apartment in which the light of existence first broke upon me. There was the site of the little bed on which I had slept. There was the floor on which, when unwell, I had played at marbles, a pattern in the carpet serving as the rink. I could have pointed out upon the

wall the site of every little framed print which had hung upon it in my young days; have described the print, and recited the inscription. A few trivial circumstances which took place in this room were present before me as if they had happened but yesterday. One was a little act of kindness on the part of my father—his bringing me a sweet biscuit when lying ill of the measles. Another was his showing me a bright newly coined penny. A third was, seeing a brother of two hours old laid on a nurse's knee beside the fire-place—a brother who had since grown to manhood, made for himself a place in many hearts, but died in his prime. Such things, the most unimportant that can be imagined, are just among those which most faithfully cling to us. I shall remember these while mind endures. Every thing connected with them is tenderness. A desire to indulge in the same feeling causes me frequently to take a solitary ramble to a part of the city, distant from my present residence, where I spent my schoolboy days. It is particularly pleasing to revisit it on a Sunday afternoon, when the usual whirl and noise of business does not interfere with the mood of mild melancholy appropriate to the occasion. The alley and court in which troops of us used to play at hide and seek are there yet, and doubtless new swarms of youngsters still play in them at the same games. The shops, full of their seductive wares, are still open, and as seductive as ever. The stair by which our house—a floor—was accessible, is there still; a favourite place of sport for all the young people belonging to it. The three windows fronting to the street are still there, apparently filled with the same dull thick glass as of yore. Of the interior of the house I can observe nothing, but doubtless it is as little changed as the outside. All seems to be the same as it was five-and-twenty years ago. Yet, while these walls have stood unaltered, how many passages of human history have been enacted within them! If all the families that have since occupied the house were as unfortunate as ours, knew as much of the oppressor's wrong and proud man's contumely, and yet felt under all so bounding a desire of redeeming the past and brightening the future, what tales might these walls relate! 'Tis to be hoped, however, that the most of the successive occupants have not been as we were—the world were a dreary waste if bitterness were so heavily and so widely imparted.

In another part of the town there is a little attic window—to a friend it would be difficult to point it out, so lost is it amongst a host of little windows; but I could distinguish it amidst thrice the number. In the little room lighted by that little window did I spend one of the winters of a most wintry and uncheered boyhood, left by my parents amidst strangers to pursue a course of severely tasking study; the more painful, as shadows, clouds, and darkness, seemed to rest upon its conclusion. I was here a sufferer of the most of physical ills for six months, without even that comfort of which perhaps I stood most in need, and the only one my parents could have readily bestowed—the soothing of their company, and their kindness. Yet the recollection is not without its pleasures, for I bore all with fortitude, was more frugal than was expected of me, and stood at the head of a class my superiors in all the endowments of fortune. Not long ago, while accompanying a friend on one of his daily tours as a dispensary physician, I was conducted, to my great surprise, into this very room, where, twenty years before, I had suffered the martyrdom of a poor student. Though the family occupying the house to which it belonged was receiving gratuitous medical attendance, it seemed as well furnished as in my young days. I should vainly attempt to describe the

feelings with which I surveyed the scene; but they were such as to impress very strongly upon me the fact that places become part of us, as the shell is of the fish, and that ties, imperceptible but not to be broken, connect us with the spot we have trod, the walls within which we have been sheltered, and the objects we have been accustomed to behold.

Many other parts of the city bear to me meanings which to others they cannot bear, though every one doubtless has his own set of associations. In almost every street I chance to enter, particular houses, or particular windows in particular houses, recall occupants whom I knew many years ago, and whose fate makes matter for pensive musing. In this lodging lived the merriest-hearted of young men, whose laugh I remember till this day, and many of whose words are yet part of my ordinary conversation—it is twenty years since he died in Jamaica. In that house dwelt an amiable friend with a large and attached family—he too is dead; his widow lives in a distant retirement; while of his children some have perished, others have gone to distant lands, and one or two only still live in the city of their nativity. A range of windows in that tall building, light a room where I have been present at many a jocund supper-party of the old fashion: they who were with me are dispersed, the worthy pair who dispensed the hospitality are dead and gone, and the house is occupied by people who know and care nothing for the memories of that delightful apartment, to me as endeared, almost, as the spot of my birth. In going home at night, when the calm of the hour is peculiarly adapted to awaken memory and feeling, the streets seem lettered with the tales of other days. A certain lighted window—oh, how easily recognised!—leads the eye and mind to a certain room, which many years ago was the chamber of one peculiarly dear. Often, when it would have been improper to intrude upon her presence, have I been content to wait for an hour gazing upon that lighted window, which then told me that she was within. Thus to gaze upon something so external to her, was better than to sit amidst the gayest and most beautiful forms that gaiety could collect. That light is not now hers. She is changed and gone, and I, though I remain, am changed too. I do not now linger, as I was wont, to look at this lighted window; yet I cannot pass it without some notice. It never can be to me like its neighbours. Often I wonder if any young form now resides there, and if any young heart is accustomed to wait, as I once did, to gaze upon it, and think of the fair and gentle being within. If there be, years may bring them into the same relative position.

Lately, in passing through a suburban street of neat houses, with which I am familiarly acquainted, my attention was attracted to a particular mansion, in which a convivial meeting seemed to be in progress. Through the open windows of the dining-room, came the sounds of lively conversation, while a crew of pretty children in their best dresses romped in the full tide of juvenile happiness on the green in front. The house I recognised to be one which had recently been vacated by a poor widow under mournful circumstances. This gentlewoman had one child, a son, who was an officer in India. She had parted with him a dozen years before, in the hope of his ultimately returning to her with a competency. To have received him back, and spent the remainder of her life in his society, would have been to her the height of earthly bliss; and much and fervently did she long for the day of his expected return. Suddenly she was informed that he was to pay a visit to Britain "on account of his health;" and, sadly qualified as the intelligence was, it awoke a tumult of joyful feeling

In her simple and ardent nature. She spoke with rapture of the day when she should again see her son, mentioning the space of time to a day during which he had been absent. Every fitting preparation was made for his reception. The house was newly painted; new furniture was introduced into the room destined to be his. Her zeal resembled that of the Clerk's Lady, at the return of her children, as so touchingly described in the old ballad—

Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well;
For all my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.

It was mentioned as a trait of her solicitude on this occasion, that candles stood ready to be lighted in his room for six months before her son arrived. When he came, his appearance betrayed scarcely any symptom of deadly disease, but he was in reality far gone in one of the most fatal maladies of India. Within two months from his return, his mother was venting her wild grief over his deathbed. I know not precisely where she afterwards went; she was probably taken into the bosom of some kind family of relations, who would feel for her desolate condition. Here, however, was the house which she had vacated through woe unspeakable, already, within a few short weeks, occupied by a family whose social good nature had probably caused them to signalise their entrance upon it by a merry-making. It was quite right that they should do so. They probably knew not of the sorrows of the poor widow, and, though they had, it could not be reasonably expected that they should restrain the current of their ordinary emotions, because of the affliction of one with whom they had no connection. Yet to an unconcerned party like myself, who had seen or known a little of the grief of the son-bereft widow, to witness now the jubilation of her successors was striking. And here, of course, the house formed the medium of the contrast, for, had this merriment taken place only next door, it would have scarcely stirred up any recollection of the woful circumstances alluded to.

While many particular houses thus touch me with the recollection of things which I have known in connection with them, the great mass, of which I know nothing, speak not less affectingly. There is perhaps even more poetry about a house totally unknown, for the imagination gets the wider play respecting it, and can surmise histories much more interesting than any which are known respecting other mansions. I am scarcely ever introduced into any room in an old house, but I begin reflecting on the many scenes of human joy and sorrow it has witnessed in its time. How many marriages, how many deaths, must have taken place in it. How many generations of those who have lived in it, it must have outlived. A century ago, it would be possessed by beings as full of the thoughts of this world as myself, and as little recking perhaps of the time when they should have to part from it; and now all these must have long been absorbed into the bosom of forgetfulness. And here it is as ready to afford accommodation to living men as ever. It seems to flourish in immortal indifference to all the brightness and all the gloom that man can experience under its shelter. While thus indulging in expatiating wonder over a house totally unknown, the reflection naturally occurs, that, as I know of many histories respecting houses unknown to others, so may others know of histories regarding this. There may be some to whom the sight of this room, all vaguely as it speaks to me, would tell of special sufferings endured, or special happinesses enjoyed, within it. Here was, perhaps, the site of a grand-dam's chair, where they were lulled with tales of the elder world; here stood the well-remembered clock; here for years did they sleep, eat, study, work, and go through all the ordinary monotonies of life. Yes, many must still live who were once very different here.

It is curious, again, to have our ignorance respecting an old abode illuminated by one who can tell of its former inhabitants, and haps and chances that have taken place in it. In walking lately with an aged friend through an old part of the town, which since his youth has been deserted by the gay and affluent world, and taken possession of by the poorer classes, it was like the reading of some fine reflective poem to hear what he had to tell respecting particular houses. Of a mansion of respectable external appearance, but now evidently occupied by a very humble family, he mentioned that it was, in his young days, sixty years ago, the abode of a man of fortune and title, who had one beautiful daughter, the toast of her day. "There," said he, "is the very window in the dining-room, where she used to sit reading, with her arm leaning on the window-sole, while gentlemen would pass and repass in order to catch a glimpse of her excellent loveliness. I remember it as yesterday." Where and what is this beauty now? "The most interesting of his reminiscences related to beauties." "There," said he, "is Lord Monbodo's house—there he lived fifty years since with his lovely daughter—there entertained Burns, who enlived her in one of his poems." All the persons thus alluded to, have long been dead and gone. In his youth, another house was occupied by a lady of remarkable history. She was a daughter of the Earl of —, and, having been disappointed in love by her friends in early life, she had kept her bed for twenty-five years. She and her sorrows had long been forgotten by all excepting the few whose memories extended so

far back into the past. Her house has doubtless, since then, been possessed by many who little knew that its walls had ever heard the sighings of so wounded a spirit; or, if they had known, would have little cared. And so from age to age proceeds the strange tale of social existence.

Another of the interesting points of view in which this subject can be regarded, is, that, with the extinction of every being, there must be extinguished many such cherished memories as we feel ourselves entertain respecting houses in which ourselves or others have lived. Respecting many houses I am sure there are associations in my own bosom which are totally unknown to any other person. Much is poetry to me which to another is but a mass of stocks and stones. With me, therefore, must all this perish, as, with others who have gone before, much has already perished. Every day must see some of these endearing recollections fall into the lap of oblivion, leaving the rest of things to go on without them. And why is it that we thus cling to the inanimate things amidst which we are placed? May it not in part be that we feel ourselves so loosely connected with the present form of being? This world gives to man but an unstable footing. He drifts along it like a withered leaf which has fallen from its proper sphere. As the drowning man catches at straws, so does he, in his unwillful and timorous course, grasp at every more substantial and durable form than himself, as if to gain a purchase from its comparative stability. Nothing, however, can stay him—nothing keep alive the feelings with which he, a living man, contemplates what has been at any time to him a home or a resting place. Too surely he hurries along to the magnetic shore where the bark of life is to go to pieces, and, let but a few short years pass over, and he, and all he loved as his, or from its association with himself, are as if they had never been.

JOTTINGS FROM THE NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND, No. XIV.

THE present number of this valuable work contains unusually elaborate notices of the parishes of Paisley and Neilston, in Renfrewshire, with notices of the usual length respecting seven of the parishes of Roxburghshire: the map given with the number is that of Sutherlandshire. The reputation of the work will be more than sustained by the account of Paisley, which has been drawn up, with much industry and discrimination, by the Rev. Dr Burns and the Rev. Mr Macneir, two of the parochial clergymen.

The celebrated Black Book of Paisley is described as a copy of Fordun's Scottish History, written by the monks of the Abbey of Paisley, and so entitled from the colour of its original binding. It is a fine folio vellum manuscript of the fifteenth century, but is now in a red binding. General Fairfax carried it away from Scotland, and afterwards sold it for £100 to Charles II., by whom it was deposited in the library at St James's. It was ultimately presented with other manuscripts by George II. to the British Museum, where it now remains.

Under the head "Illustrations of Ancient Manners," we have some curious notices from the books of the Town-Council of Paisley.

"1580, July 11.—A person of the name of Wilson is tried for stealing a pair of breeches. The council banish him from the county, with certification that, if he shall return, and be guilty of the like again, he shall be content to be punished to the death, and without an assize."

"1594, January 21.—An act is passed 'anent sic persons that willfullie remains frae the kirke, or apprehendit going playing, passing to taverns, or selling meat or drink, or sidlike;' and they are to be punished with a fine of £1, or 'holden in the stocks twenty-four hours.' A bailie, the town-clerk, an elder, and proper officers, are appointed to parade the streets and pick up such offenders."

"1603, February 10.—Merchants 'are ordered' to shut their doors every Tuesday during prayers, and to attend the kirk for hearing the word, under the pain of 8s. Scots."

"Scolders and flyters" are to be put in the jugs,* and fined 20s.; 'giving the lye,' is fined 40s. 'A dry cuff' is valued at 'five pounds.' 'A committer of bluid' brings '40 pounds.'

"1606, September 16.—'Garden breaking' is thus punished, 'five pounds fine; setting in the stocks from 10 to 12; and thereafter to be scourged by the parents to the effusion of their blood.'"

"1648.—Sermon appointed on Friday, 'being the market-day,' all to go 'to the kirk,' and 'no business to be done' during time of sermon."

"January 16.—'No woman to keep school' in the town; and none of them 'to receive men children.'"

"1653, March 28.—Isobel Greenlees is appointed to stand two hours in the jugs, and to pay a fine of 40s. for 'cursing the bailie.'"

Sir William Wallace—a man regarded by the English and other nations in his own day as a robber, and ultimately executed as a criminal, but ever esteemed in Scotland as the purest of patriots, so differently may a man's actions commend him—was the son of Wallace

of Elderslie, in the parish of Paisley. "Near the west end of the village of Elderslie, and on the south side of the turnpike road passing through it, a tenement of rather ancient appearance is pointed out as the house in which the renowned hero Sir William Wallace was born. But if this brave defender of his country was born, as is generally allowed, on the spot, it must have been in a habitation of older date."

Near 'Wallace's House,' the name by which the above-mentioned mansion is known, but on the north side of the turnpike road, stands the very celebrated tree called 'Wallace's Oak.' Many are the years that must have rolled away since this tree sprang from the acorn. About eight or ten years ago, its trunk measured twenty feet in circumference. Now, it measures only fourteen feet and two inches. It was sixty feet in height, and its branches extended to the east forty-five feet, to the west thirty-six, and to the north twenty-five, covering altogether a space of nineteen English poles. It derives its name from having, as tradition affirms, afforded shelter to Wallace and a party of his followers, when pursued by their enemies, in the same way as the Boscobel oak afterwards did to Charles II."

Connected with the Abbey Church of Paisley is St Mirin's Aile, otherwise called the Abercorn Chapel, a building of small dimensions in length and breadth, but great height, and remarkable for its sonorosity. "Instrumental or vocal music performed in it has a curious effect, from the prolongation and consequent mingling of the notes. The noise and reverberation arising from the sudden and forcible shutting of the door, after the entrance of a visitor, are often very startling. But, on the whole, the account of their effects, as recorded by Pennant and others, is rather exaggerated, or perhaps the erection of the tomb within it, and the brick-work which closes up the beautiful window, have diminished the echo: which we are informed is liable to be considerably affected by even the filling of an adjoining building, used as a hay-loft, it being then less perceptible than when that loft is empty—a singular fact in acoustics, proving that not only the form of a building itself, but also the buildings with which it is connected, should be taken into account, when quantity of sound is a desideratum."

Paisley affords a remarkable illustration of the increase of travelling or moving from place to place by mechanical conveyances, when these conveyances become at once prompt and cheap. In 1814, when Paisley contained a population not much short of 40,000, one coach started once a week, to convey the merchants and manufacturers to Glasgow, distant seven miles, that they might attend the market of that city: the same coach, returning in the evening, brought back the individuals it had taken to Glasgow in the morning. There was no other vehicular conveyance of any kind between these great seats of population. The comparatively little locomotion that then took place was executed by natural means alone, at a great though perhaps unobserved expense of time. Now, what is the state of the case? Coaches pass between Paisley and Glasgow every hour, conveying two hundred persons daily; while a canal, furnished with swift boats, transported last year no fewer than 423,188 persons, or 1351 every ordinary day. By these means individuals can transact business in a much shorter time than formerly, and at a much less expense of money, for the fare either by coach or canal is nothing in comparison with the cost of refreshment which the fatigue occasioned by the journey, and the space of time spent on it, formerly rendered necessary.

The writers of the article "Paisley" advert in terms of praise to a museum of objects of natural history, antiquities, &c. which has been recently established in the town, in connection with a public garden, and is accessible for a small sum. When the writer of the present notice was in Paisley in October 1836, he visited this modest institution, and was surprised and gratified to learn that the numerous stuffed birds and other animals which it contains, were collected and prepared by a working man of the neighbourhood, who has devoted to this pursuit the leisure of many years. The establishment of such places of amusement is a pleasing feature of the times; and the beneficial effects they may produce in a dense and imperfectly moralised cluster of population, are not easily to be calculated.

Sixty years ago, only one copy of any newspaper was known to come to Paisley. It was a copy of the Edinburgh Evening Courant, which was paid for by the magistrates, and lay on the council table for the use of the respectable freemen. There is now one weekly newspaper published in Paisley, while another is published in Paisley and Glasgow contemporaneously; and "there are comparatively few individuals above the lowest rank, who do not enjoy the luxury of a paper, at least, into one or more of these influential organs of public sentiment."

Compared with its state when the Statistical Account was published, forty-five years ago, Paisley has made an astonishing progress. In agriculture, those improvements which were then commenced, had rapidly advanced by the time (1812) in which Mr Wilson of Thornly published his excellent agricultural survey of Renfrewshire. Since that period, again, improvements have been carried to a still greater extent; additions have been made to the land under cultivation; draining, in its different styles, has been introduced, fences are more particularly attended to

* Stocks in which the hands are confined, called Jugs—from Jugum, a yoke.

the most approved rotation of crops has been adopted, the most improved implements of husbandry are in use, and the recently erected farm-standings greatly surpass those of former days, in neatness, commodiousness, and comfort. The change appears still greater, when from the rural districts we turn to the town. Its population has nearly tripled. Its public buildings, its private dwelling-houses, its streets, its whole appearance as a town, indicate the advance of wealth, refinement, and of public spirit. We have now a police establishment, well defined and effective. Paisley is no longer a mere village, of no weight absolutely on the political scale of the nation—it has its own representative in the supreme legislative assembly of the empire, to express its mind, and to watch over its municipal and commercial interests. We have now a 'castle,' with all its extensive and valuable offices for the public business of the county and the town. We have our bridewell, one of the best constructed and best managed in Scotland. We have our coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, libraries, book-clubs, and weekly periodicals of intelligence. In addition to the 'Public Dispensary,' which existed in an infant state when the last Statistical Account was published, we have now a commodious and well-managed infirmary or house of recovery. We have now, also, our societies for public associations for law, for medicine, for philosophy and the arts. In place of one banking establishment on a small scale, we have now two of well-established credit, and which the town claims as properly her own; three branches of banks which have their principals in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and two provident institutions. Of fire and life assurance agencies we have nineteen; and, in addition, the Amicable Mutual Assurance and Endowment Society of Scotland, established on the most liberal and economical principles, has here a prosperous branch. The old 'Friendly Societies,' which were generally established on fallacious calculations, have either died away, or are giving place to institutions of the same nature on better principles. Our visits to Glasgow, which, fifty years ago, were made at respectable intervals by tradesmen on foot, or by those who could find it on horseback, are now made hourly, in all the varied modes which land or water carriage can command. These are some of the visible and palpable points of comparison between our town as it was and as it is; and looking on Paisley even in these external relations, candour must say of it, that it promises to be, in a higher sense than it has hitherto been, one of the great rising communities of Scotland."

STORIES OF STYLES OF LIVING.

LIVING UP TO THE MEANS.

MR FULTON and his amiable wife, whom we have described as rising by slow but sure degrees to a state of comfort and respectability, in the city of New York, are now placed in that happy medium condition in which it has been acknowledged the greatest earthly enjoyment consists. Had they foreseen their present degree of affluence, when they first set out in life, they would have considered it little less than a miracle. But, like every thing else that is gradually attained, now excited no wonder in their minds. There was still a striking simplicity in Jane's manners and appearance, a consciousness of happiness, and a refinement of feeling, that intercourse with the world too soon blunts. When her children were fairly in bed, and the domestic duties of the day over—when her husband laid aside his day-book and ledger—when the fire burned bright, and her little work-table stood by her side—when Frank ventured to pull off his boots, and lay half reclined on the sofa, then came the hour of conversation. Then Jane loved to talk over the past and the present, and sum up their stores of happiness. Sometimes she requested her husband to read aloud; but he never got through a page, without her interrupting him, to point out something congenial, or something in contrast with their situation; and the book was soon thrown aside, as far less interesting than their own conversation. "I do positively believe," said Jane, "we are the happiest people in the world. I can say, with truth, I have scarcely a wish ungratified. I am sure I envy nobody." "Yes, we are happy," said Frank; "our condition is not what it once was. You remember when I paid our first quarter's rent, I had but three and ninepence in my pocket, to pay the second."

It was by reminiscences like these that their present enjoyment was heightened. Uncle Joshua often alluded to his young relatives, but their removal had increased the distance, and he began to feel the infirmities of advancing life. Jane had observed, that he often pressed his hand upon his heart—and to her inquiries, he said, "A pain—but it is gone."

The house they rented was larger than they thought necessary; yet as the rent was reasonable, and the situation good, they concluded it was best to take it. The whole of it need not be furnished. A large room might be left for the children's play-room, and another for a store-room. A little experience, however, convinced them that they wanted all of it; and, as Jane said, "they could furnish these two rooms from the interest of their legacy." They soon found that the size of the house required an additional domestic. Indeed they seemed to have attained new importance in size and situation. Mrs Hart, on this occasion, acknowledged Jane as an acquaintance, and made morning visit, sporting her camel's hair shawl,

which, to use her own phrase, "looked still fresh and lovely." She had never remembered to reimburse Jane for her subscription.

It was really astonishing how fast the Fultons became known. People in the first society, as it is termed, began to ask *who they were*. Those who called, professed themselves delighted with Jane's "sweet, humble manner," and determined to "patronise her." As yet, however, they had only reached the magic circle of genteel society; they had not stepped over it. They had no heart-burnings when their opposite neighbour gave a splendid ball, and did not invite them; and yet, Jane said, "on her children's account, she was glad to have a different circle of friends from what she formerly had."

Poor Jane! The enemy had begun to sow his tares, and pride and ambition were springing up in her heart. Dr Fulton undoubtedly derived some advantage from their change of residence—and, while Jane exulted for her children, he exulted for his profession; his patients were more able to pay, and he began to be employed by the opulent. Mr Bradish, with his millions, had the good fortune, for Frank, to be taken dangerously ill of a fever, when Dr R. was absent; and Dr Fulton was sent for. From this time he became one of their family physicians.

With all this increase of consequence, their habits were much the same. The happiness and improvement of the children was the great object. If they were extravagant, it was in schools. Even Mr Bradish could not be more particular than Dr Fulton, in the excellence of the schools to which he sent his children. Accordingly, they were sent to those which had the highest reputation—as their improvement was the first wish of their parents. The neighbourhood into which they had moved was a *fashionable* one; and our city has not yet attained the happy eminence of not knowing who lives in the same mass of buildings with us. Most of these left a card; and now and then a wandering invitation reached them, for a ball; but it was subject to no discussion. Frank wrote a *regret*, when a leisure moment came;—for Jane was little in the habit of using her pen; and to those who are not, even answering a note is a work of magnitude. Their next-door neighbours were the Reeds—and Mrs Reed and Jane soon became familiar friends. It was the first really *stylish* family into which Jane had become initiated. It certainly opened a new world to her. She saw forms and ceremonies used, of which she had no conception. She learned that napkins and silver forks were essential to her dinner table—that Mrs Reed could not use a steel fork;—consequently, other people could not. In these and various other things, Jane became an apt scholar. The consequence was, that their expenses gradually increased. Yet there were luxuries for which Jane could only sigh; for she felt that they were far beyond her;—for instance, Brussels carpets and pier-glasses, and, above all, a centre-lamp.

"How rich the Reeds must be!" said she, one evening, when they returned from a visit they had been making there. "You are mistaken," said Frank; "Mr Reed's income is but very little more than ours." "Not more than ours!" said Jane; "then how can he afford to furnish his house so elegantly?" "I protest I don't know," said Frank; "but he says his wife is an excellent manager. I wish, Jane, you would find out how they contrive the matter, and perhaps we can take a leaf out of their book."

Mrs Reed had all the little vanity of being able to make a *show* on small means, and when Jane humbly asked advice and direction, willingly granted it. "In the first place," said she, "I set it down as a rule, from the first, that the only way we could get forward in the world, was to live in genteel style, and put the best foot foremost. You would be astonished, between ourselves, to know how little we have to spend; but then, I have a great deal of contrivance. What wages do you give your servants?" To Jane's information, she replied, "You give too much. By the by, I can recommend an excellent seamstress to you, who will sew for twelve cents a-day. But, my dear Mrs Fulton, you must not wear that shabby bonnet; and, excuse me, you do want a new pelisse tremendously. It really is not doing justice to your husband, when he has such a run of business, and such a handsome income, to dress in this manner." "I do not know how it is," said Jane; "but we spend a great deal more than we used to do; we send our children to expensive schools." "That is entirely a mistake. I don't send mine to any; it is my system. They get such vulgar habits, associating with the lower classes! I educate them myself." "But do they learn as well as at school?" "How can a woman of your sense ask that question? As if a mother could not teach her children better than strangers! Take my advice, and save all the money you are paying for them; it is just throwing it away. Educate them yourself. Rousseau approves of it."

Though Jane did not entirely adopt Mrs Reed's ideas, she thought, with her, that they were paying an enormous sum for schools; and both she and Frank agreed, as demands for money increased, that they might just as well go to cheaper schools. The penalties of living beyond the means, most generally fall upon the children of affluence; not that parents love them less than other families, but because deficiencies here are more easily kept out of sight. We speak not of dress or food, but of education.

Many declaim on the expense of schools, who forget that teachers are qualified, by devoting the best part of their lives to the subject; that the education of children cannot be taken up, all at once, merely for a living; but that, to be successful, it must be founded upon higher and nobler motives, and deserves a compensation equivalent to the preparation and importance of the object. Mrs Reed thought otherwise, when she found how little trouble it was to educate her children, with a girl hired for an assistant. Those who saw not the interior, spoke of her as a most wonderful woman.

Perhaps there is no class of men less liable to extravagance than physicians. Their gains are slow and laborious, and they toil for daily bread from hour to hour. No large sum comes in, like a lawyer's fee, for a few words of advice; and no lucky speculations on coffee, indigo, or cotton, raise him, like a merchant, from moderate means to sudden affluence. But the seeds of luxury and extravagance may be scattered every where; and even the very security that Frank felt in his profession, and in his own moderate desires, had perhaps made him less vigilant.

Though Jane did not entirely trust to Mrs Reed's opinions as to teachers and schools, on many other subjects she yielded implicit deference. The consequence was, that, from a simple dressed woman, she soon became a fashionable lady, bonneted and blondest in the extreme of fashion, and, even to her own surprise, a fine, stylish-looking woman. Frank, who had hitherto only appreciated his wife's virtues and amiable qualities, began now to pride himself on her elegance. The moment this sort of pride takes possession of a husband, he delights to hang his idol with finery and trinkets. How much of honest, faithful affection and esteem mingles with this tribute, depends on the character; in the present instance, there was an uncommon degree of affection. For many years they had been all the world to each other—had struggled through a degree of penury—had enjoyed comparative affluence meekly and thankfully—and even now, Jane sometimes doubted whether their enlarged income had increased their happiness. She still, however, continued her charities; and one day, when she applied to her husband for a sum to give away, was surprised, when he replied, "Really, Jane, I cannot afford such a donation." "Not afford it!" exclaimed she; "why, it is no more than we have given for several years." "But our expenses have greatly increased." "And so has our income," said Jane, triumphantly. Frank looked thoughtful, and shook his head. "Well," said Jane, cheerfully, "we have been talking about getting a centre-table; now suppose we give that up, and devote the money to charity." "As you please," said Frank, coldly. Jane was silent for a moment, and then said, "No, dear; it is not as I please, but as you please." "A centre-table was your own proposal," said Frank. "I know it; but I should not have thought of it, if Mrs Reed had not said it was necessary." "Mrs Reed seems to have become your oracle, with all her folly. Then it was only because she said so, that we were to have a centre-table?" "No, Frank, not entirely; I thought it would be very convenient; and then it gives a room such a sociable look; besides, as we had a centre-lamp!" "I don't see how that helps your argument; the table don't hang to the lamp, does it?" "No; and I begin to think it is of no consequence. Indeed, I should never have thought of it, if it had not been for Mrs Reed." "Mrs Reed again!" exclaimed Frank, peevishly; "I really think that woman's acquaintance is a curse." Jane made no reply, but her eyes filled with tears.

"Since you are so unwilling to give up either the centre-table or your donation, you shall have both," said Frank; "so pray go and select one with your friend." "Can you think me so unreasonable?" replied Jane. There was a pathos in her voice that restored her husband to his good nature.

Frank had set Jane a task beyond her strength. The centre-table was purchased, and then an elegant *centre-vase*. Mrs Reed was not the only fashionable lady that had taken up Jane. There was Mrs Bradish, whose husband was said to be worth a million, and had a right to spend what he pleased. Nothing could be more flattering than her attentions. It would seem as if wealth diffused some of its golden glare among the lookers-on—else, why is so much deference paid to it? In vain we say, philosophically, it is dross; or experimentally, it benefits not us. Still, the rich have their humble imitators, and mankind its worshippers. Frank became the companion of the wealthy, and it was necessary that he should not disgrace his intimates by a penurious style of living. He and Jane were invited to dinners and *soirées*. Such constant invitations must be returned, and they began to make entertainments. Hitherto, the little Misses Fulton had kept their seats at the dinner-table; but their dinner was at a most inconvenient hour to accommodate them. It interfered with morning calls; and it was determined the children should dine wholly in the nursery.

Jane thought it a singular piece of good fortune that she should be taken up by three such friends as Mrs Reed, Mrs Bradish, and Mrs Hart. The first knew every thing and every body; the second was rich enough to make ducks and drakes of her money; and the last was the mirror of fashion and dress. It might be rationally asked, what benefit she derived from this triple alliance. But it was a question she never asked herself. With all this, however, she was obliged unwillingly to feel that neither her happiness nor her comfort was increased.

As the appearance of property had become necessary, economy must be practised somewhere, to bring out the year. This, of course, fell upon the interior. Jane had been in the habit of superintending her own affairs, and seeing that nothing was wasted, and nothing used superfluously. This system, while it extended to each and to all, was cheerfully received. But when the domestics found that the luxuries of the kitchen were not proportionate to the parlour, they became discontented and left the family. Those mistresses who have ever experienced the harassing labour of keeping up a *showy* appearance in the parlour, with strict economy in the kitchen, will sympathise with poor Jane in her arduous task. Sometimes she looked back, with a sigh, to her first experiment in house-keeping, when, with her woman

of all work, and Martha's little girl, every thing went smoothly on, in harmony and confidence. But this was a trifle, compared to the apparent change in her husband's temper. From frank-hearted, open confidence in all around him, he began to be tenacious of civility—thought such a one looked coldly;—it must be because they had not returned their call, or some other reason as important. Then he sometimes repeated his *jeux*, which Jane felt were sarcasms.

"How long it is," said Jane, one morning, "since uncle Joshua has been here!" "I suppose," said Frank, "he feels an awkwardness on account of our different rank in life." "Oh, no; that is wholly unlike him. Suppose we send and ask him to dine to-day?" "Not to-day. I have invited Professor R. and Dr B. You know they are both intellectual men. He would not enjoy his dinner." "Besides," said Jane, "when he comes, we must let all the children dine at the table. We will ask him to-morrow, and appoint dinner at two." "With all my heart," said Frank, as he went out to pay a visit to the market, followed by his servant with the market-basket.

Jane began her preparations for dinner. Her constant change of servants, and increasing trouble with them, often made this an arduous task. She was soon in the midst of glass and china; and, assisted by her chamber-maid, began to lay the table. They had got it nearly completed, with its plates, wine-glasses, and tumblers, all in a row, when she was alarmed by a loud ring at the door. The chamber-maid was dispatched, with strict injunctions to let nobody in, but say she was not at home. There was evidently a parley, and the step of a person was heard approaching. With a sudden feeling of mortification at being caught, Jane rushed into the closet, and closed the door. The sound of uncle Joshua's voice struck her ear as he entered. "Are you sure she is not at home?" said he to the girl. "Oh, yes, sir, quite sure. I saw her put on her things and go out." "How long has she been gone?" "Full an hour," said the girl, who, as these kind of people often do, overacted her part. "Then, probably, she will be back soon, and I will wait for her." "Oh, no, sir," she said she should not be back till near dinner time. "Why, you look as if you were going to have a company of aldermen to dine." The girl answered, in a simpering tone, "No, sir; only two or three friends."

Jane, during this conversation, felt a consternation that disabled her from acting judiciously, which would have been to have come out from her hiding-place, and tell the simple truth. But she knew her uncle's straightforward mind, and she was sure he would not make the distinction which custom and fashion warrant, of *not at home*, as meaning *engaged*. The girl, too, had so positively implicated her in a falsehood—had shown so completely that she understood no qualification, that Jane felt the utmost horror at being detected. She actually looked out of the window, to see if there was no possibility of escape. In the mean time, uncle Joshua laid down his hat and cane, seated himself by the open window, and asked for a glass of water.

Jane, at length, came to the conclusion, that she had better remain perfectly quiet, that his calls were never very long, and she would send for him the next day, and should escape all unpleasant feeling. To her dismay, however, she presently heard him call for the morning's paper. She knew he was one of those inveterate newspaper readers that go through the whole, and she tried to be resigned to at least an hour's imprisonment. Alas! what a situation! The dinner at a stand, the marketing would be back, and ducks and geese in waiting! At length, however, uncle Joshua got to the end of the everlasting newspaper; and, as he folded it up, told the girl, who had entered the room every five minutes, to say to his niece, that "he was sorry not to see her, but could not wait any longer." Then turning suddenly upon the closet door, he grasped the handle.

"Sir, sir," exclaimed the girl, "that is the wrong door." It was too late. He had turned the lock, and the door came open! There stood Jane in one corner, not pale as a lily, but the colour of a full-blown peony. His surprise, for a moment, was extreme. But he was not slow of comprehension; and the truth rushed upon him, greatly exaggerated, for he believed it was a contrivance to avoid seeing him. He stood silent, with his eye fixed upon her. "Dear uncle," said she, "I thought it was a stranger. I did not know it was you, when I ran into the closet." "Silence!" said he; "no more falsehoods. Begone!" turning to the chamber-maid. "And you have learned that poor ignorant girl to peril her soul by falsehoods! Jane, Jane, I have loved you like my own child, but I shall trouble you no more. You shall not be obliged to send word to your old uncle that you are not at home." And he turned to go. "You must not go, my dear, dear uncle," said Jane, throwing her arms round him. "You must hear my explanation." "I tell you I will not be the cause of any more falsehoods." "And you will give me up! Your sister's only child, who was left an orphan to your care; whom you have carried in your arms, whom you have held upon your knee, whom you have cherished in your bosom, when there was no other bosom to receive her!" "Then," said the old man, with a faltering voice, "then, you were my comfort, my own true-hearted Jane. Then I had nothing but you to love; and now I have nothing—nothing." And he threw himself upon a chair, and put his handkerchief to his eyes. "My dear uncle, only hear me. I told the girl to say that I was not at home if any body called." "And yet, you were at home!" said he, indignantly. "But every body says so; it is not any falsehood. It only means that they are not at home to company. It is understood." "Understood they are hid in the closet?" His anger evidently began to yield, for he laughed out. "Oh, Jane, what a ridiculous figure you cut, when I stumbled upon the wrong door! I am glad I did it; it is a good lesson for you." "It is, indeed, uncle. I promise you I will never say I am not at home again when I am." "Cooped up," continued he, again laughing, "in one corner, like a mouse in a cheese; and there you had been shut up a whole hour, like a naughty child." "I shall blush to think of it as long as I live." "And so you ought, to tell a downright falsehood."

"Dear uncle, nobody calls it a falsehood; it only means you are very busy, and cannot see company." "Then why not say so at once? But the girl said you were out; that you would not be home till near dinner." "That was entirely her own addition. She had no right to say so; she was not told to say anything but that I was not at home." "You allow, then, that she told an untruth?" "Certainly, I do." "Now tell me, Jane, if you think she thought it more of an untruth to say you were out, than that you were not at home. It is all the same thing."

Jane found it was in vain to try to convince her uncle, and she only hung upon him and begged of him to love her as he used to do. The old man could not long retain his resentment, and he said, with a serious air, "I willingly forgive you for your offence to me; but I am no priest. I cannot forgive your telling a falsehood. You must ask pardon of a higher power."

When he made a motion to go, Jane entreated him to stay to dinner. "It is such a long walk," said she, "you must not go; we were going to send for you to-morrow. I shall not think you have forgiven me, if you refuse." Uncle Joshua at length consented, and she felt as if a load was taken from her heart—for she loved him affectionately. She carried him into another room, got him all the newspapers she could collect, and went cheerfully on with her preparations. When Frank returned, he expressed his pleasure at seeing uncle Joshua; for however unfashionable and inelegant he might deem him, he could not refuse him his tribute of respect. The guests were men of good sense and intelligence. They were struck with the independence and originality of uncle Joshua's character. He conversed without timidity or affectation, and felt no mortification at not knowing what never came within the sphere of his observation. All this Jane would have highly enjoyed, could she have spared any time from her dinner. The servant was a raw country lad, who required being told when to take a plate and where to put one. The boiled turkey was underdone, and the ducks overdone; the oyster-sauce spoiled before it reached the table; and by the time dinner was over, she looked as red as if she had been cooking it herself. When Jane rose to leave the table, her uncle said he would go with her to see the children. They repaired to the nursery, found them with empty plates, greased to the cars, loudly vociferating for Sally, the chamber-maid, who was assisting below, to bring them more dinner. Jane at last succeeded in quieting them, and told her uncle that the nursery-maid left them the day before. The Misses Fulton, with one voice, said, "Hurra! it was a good day for them; for she was so cross they hated her." After uncle Joshua had made his visit to them, he said, "Now, Jane, I want to see you alone." Jane led the way, with fearful misgivings; for she saw a shade of melancholy on his countenance. "My dear," said he, "sit down by me, and take every thing kindly as I mean it. You know I first opposed your marriage, because I thought your husband could not make enough to support you; but afterwards I saw I was mistaken. I saw you not only comfortable, but possessing all that seemed necessary; for then, you were moderate in your desires and expenses. I have since felt misgivings, when I saw you increasing your manner of living. But I said, they know best their own means, and I believed that you were at least happier; but indeed, Jane, I must say I find it otherwise. When I last dined with you, your dinner was simple and well cooked; your little smiling children round you, well-behaved, and patiently waiting for their turn to be helped. How was it to-day? A costly and more than abundant dinner spoiled in the cooking; a change of plates, knives and forks, with difficulty to be procured. The children shut up in a chamber, noisy and half-fed, and their mother looking feverish, anxious, and unhappy, and unable to attend to the conversation at the table, hardly to give answers to her guests, so necessarily was she engrossed with the dinner."

"Oh, uncle, what a picture!" "I dare say, Jane, you want to tell me every body does so; but I know better than that. It is very well for people to live in what is called style, if they have all things in agreement; if they can afford to have the best of attendance, of cooks, &c.; but there is no gentility in doing things by halves." "Indeed, uncle," said Jane, rallying her spirits, "we were very unfortunate to-day. Our servants are all bad. I hope to get better; and I have a very good nursery-governess engaged." "A nursery-governess! Take care of your children yourself; don't make them over to a governess; let them have their seats at your table. I feel indignation when I see these little men and women turned over to servants. And now, Jane, I know I have made this day an uncomfortable one for you, and God knows it has been so for me. I should be sorry if I had not meant, by all my advice, to do you the greatest kindness I have ever done you yet; and I close with one remark—that no style of living is good, or, to use your own phrase, *genteel*, that is *not thorough, consistent, and well carried through*. God bless you!"—and he hurried away.

A tribute of tears followed his departure. In the midst of them, Frank entered. His friends had taken their leave.

"What is the matter, Jane?" said he. "Oh, I understand; uncle Joshua has been reading you a lecture upon extravagance. I suppose he never saw such a dinner! He knows nothing of fashionable life; and, I dare say, he thinks we are on the road to ruin. Come, tell me what he said about it." "He said," replied Jane, sobbing, "it was badly served and badly cooked." Frank looked rather crest-fallen. "Extremely polite, I must confess." "It was all true," said Jane. "I am mortified about it." "Never mind," said Frank. "I told them what wretched servants we had." From this time, uncle Joshua's visits were less and less frequent; and even Jane began to think it was hardly worth while for him to take the trouble of coming.

When the year was drawing to a close, Frank found, with some dismay, that, instead of adding to his little capital, it was with difficulty that he could get through without diminishing it. This conviction harassed him, and he began to be anxious about the future. He could

not conceal from himself that his business had decreased probably by inattention. Still Jane was his confidante, and to her he communicated his anxieties. She proposed they should retrench in their expenses. But, after various calculations, there seemed to be nothing they could give up, except what was too trifling to make any difference. As if domestic economy did not consist in trifles!

"At any rate," said Jane, one day, with some twinges of conscience, "we have made out much better than we had any right to expect, considering we had nothing to begin with. We have, till this year, always lived within our means."

We must take great pains to shut our eyes upon truth. There is a radiance about it, that makes the outline of its form perceptible, even amongst the clouds of doubt and rubbish that are sometimes heaped upon it. Error does not so often arise from ignorance of truth, as from unwillingness to receive it. Many a wandering thought had entered both Dr and Mrs Fulton's minds, that they were departing from the principle on which they first set out, of limiting their desires to their means. But they consoled themselves with the idea, that the Reds and twenty others, lived more expensively than they did, with no larger income; therefore, it was all right and proper.

When Dr Fulton closed his account for the year, his expenses exactly met his income.

LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND.

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers some very remarkable information regarding the means recently discovered, and now in operation, for facilitating the education of the Blind. What we state may be depended on as perfectly consistent with truth, our information being drawn partly from an authoritative source, and partly founded on personal observation.

The blind are now able to read nearly as fluently as those who see. Books are now printed for their use. They are also able to write letters to each other by post, and to read what is thus written. They can cast up accounts with no other apparatus than common pins; and draw for themselves diagrams, with the same materials, for the study of geometry. Not only are books printed for their use, but also maps, drawings, and music, which add greatly to their means of improvement; and besides the invention for writing what they themselves can read, a very simple instrument has been invented, by which they are able to write the common written character, in a style as small, and even more elegant than is generally found among those who see.

These things are curious, and may be noticed separately.

Persons who have the use of their eyes, read by the sense of sight; the blind, who are deprived of the benefit of this sense, read by the sense of touch or feeling; they read with the points of the first two fingers of the right hand. To feel common printing is impossible; the printing for the blind is done without ink, and the faces of the types are pressed so hard on the paper as to produce marks in relief on the other side. These marks resemble raised letters, and may be felt and read by the fingers, notwithstanding that the rise is not greater than the thickness of an ordinary thread. Printing of this kind for the blind was attempted in Paris during the last century, but failed, on account of the alphabet which was employed for the purpose. Within the last ten or twelve years, the invention has been revived by Mr Gall, a respectable printer in Edinburgh, who has laboured enthusiastically to render the invention of extensive practical utility. Complete success has crowned his endeavours. The chief error in the Parisian printing was too great a roundness and smoothness in the letters, which were of the ordinary alphabet, and which few, except those blind who were in the asylums, could ever be taught to read. Mr Gall, perceiving that angles were more easily felt than rounds, and that the outside of the letter was more easily felt than the inside, modified the shape of the alphabet into its most simple form, throwing the characteristics of each letter to the outside, and using angles instead of rounds. The alphabet for the blind is thus a series of sharp angular marks; the original character of each letter, however, being so far preserved, that a person with sight may read any book so printed after a little examination. The letter *o*, for instance, is a quadrangle instead of an oval mark, so that its four corners may be easily felt. Mr Gall has also added another improvement to the art, by using fretted types instead of smooth ones. Every printed letter is therefore a mark composed of small jagged points, as if it were made by punching the paper with blunt pins. This is a modification of material importance. When the letters are smooth in their lines, they are apt to be pressed down again into the paper by the friction of the fingers, or any accidental pressure on the leaves; but when they are fretted, each point offers the resistance of a vaulted arch, and by that means it cannot be depressed below by violence. The size of the letters hitherto in use is considerably larger than those used in common printing, and they also stand farther apart from each other. One side of the paper can only be used, unless wide spaces be left between the lines, when the printing may be made on both sides. All these peculiarities render the printing comparatively expensive; and usually occupies a small pocket volume being expanded to the magnitude of a quarto. Means are in progress, however, by Mr Gall, for introducing a smaller size

type, whereby it is expected that ere long a New Testament may be published for the use of the blind at about 5s. a copy. At present the price of a copy would be about 30s. It is to be hoped that philanthropic and wealthy individuals or societies will contribute towards the production of a cheap copy of this and other works.

The Gospel of St John was the first part of the Bible which was printed in Great Britain for the blind. At first it was feared, that although the blind might be able to feel the letters, they would be so long in reading one verse, that all the pleasure they would get from it would not be worth the trouble. Shortly after it was published, a number of individuals began to teach the blind to read, rather from a feeling of curiosity than from any hope of its being useful; but they were surprised to find, that the blind learned to read as fast, and in some cases faster, than children who see. Belfast seems to have been the first place where it excited any great degree of wonder. It had been adopted there in a Sunday school; and the blind children improved so rapidly, that the school was generally filled with visitors; and public interest was so much excited, that an institution has been since built in that town for their education, along with the deaf and dumb. The blind children in that institution are decidedly the best readers at present in the kingdom. The reading is now adopted with complete success in various asylums, but more especially by private individuals in different parts of the country. A school has also been opened in Edinburgh, the first which has ever been established exclusively for the education of the blind. A little boy, totally blind, from the Belfast Institution, lately exhibited his powers in our presence in Edinburgh. The facility with which he read, by passing his fingers along the lines, was surprising; and we proved that his skill was not an effect of memory, by causing him to stop frequently and go back to point out particular words. This boy was on his way to London for exhibition.

So expert do blind children become in the acquisition of the art of reading by the touch, that we are assured they can in time read with a glove on the hand, or with a piece of linen laid over the page of the book. In this we may perceive one of the beautiful arrangements of nature, by which a deficiency in one sense is compensated by an additional vigour in another. From all that we can understand, it is not likely that any kind of hand-labour in which the blind may be engaged, will have the effect of destroying or rendering unavailing the delicacy of touch required to distinguish the surface of the letters in reading. Any injury resulting from labour, is more than counterbalanced by the cultivated habit of trusting to the sense which is called into activity. After the fingers have been trained to recognise letters and other minute marks, the pupil is advanced to the stage of examining pictures, diagrams, and maps; indeed, some of these things may be submitted to his touch before going to school, and made the subject of parental instruction. In the execution of works composed of diagrams and other illustrations, for the blind, the Americans are already considerably ahead of British publishers. Mr McComb of Belfast, who has been a zealous advocate in the cause of the blind, has laid before us several American works, which depict in relief a complete series of drawings illustrative of the different branches of natural philosophy, as mechanics, optics, hydraulics, astronomy, and so forth. By these various means, the difficulty of teaching the blind to read and to study by their own unassisted efforts, no longer exists. The blind child, furnished with a spelling-book, or other elementary work, printed in relief, may now take his place in the class along with children who see; and provided books be executed to meet his wants, he may proceed with his more gifted companions through nearly the whole routine of classical and scientific study. To the minds of those who have pleasure in contemplating the melioration of human misery, few things can be more delightful than the intelligence of the great improvement we speak of. Henceforth, the poor blind child, who in bygone times would have been left in total ignorance, or deprived of the solacements of literature, in so far as his own personal resources were concerned—who would have been left perhaps to beg his bread with the assistance of a dog and string—need not grow up in a state of mental darkness. He may be schooled, taught, and morally and religiously cultivated, the same as any other member of a family; and when left alone, when overtaken by sickness or old age, he may draw upon an inexhaustible fund of happiness, by the perusal of the book which is most suitable to his feelings.

The blind are taught to write, or put their thoughts on paper, in two ways. The most obvious is writing by means of stamps. The principle is similar to that of printing for the blind. If we prick a piece of paper with a pin, so as to form a letter, we feel the shape of the letter on the other side. Stamps with the letters set with points, are used by the blind to press through the paper; and in this way they are able to write a long letter upon a sheet of paper, to write the address by the same means; and when they have finished, they can read with their finger all that they have written. At first, when the blind addressed their own letters, it was feared that the postmen would not be able to read the address; but in this they were very agreeably disappointed, for the letters went from one end of the kingdom to the other, with as much accuracy as if they had been addressed in the common way.

There has been no instance yet known of their having miscarried. It is exceedingly gratifying to the blind to be thus enabled to correspond with their friends, and to receive letters which they can read without assistance. They are also in the habit of writing poetry and private memoranda, in which they take great pleasure. The frame upon which the writing is performed, is very simple, and costs about 5s. The wooden stamps cost about 6s. 6d., and the box for holding them arranged for writing, costs 3s. 6d.; so that the expense of the whole apparatus is about 15s. This is the most expensive part of the apparatus for the blind; but when once furnished, it may last for life, and is a source of much pleasure and convenience, as it enables the blind to print their own books, and even to print music, as we shall afterwards show. The other mode of writing by the blind is by means of an instrument called a Typhograph, the invention of Mr Gall's son. The writing is done by a pointed pencil on paper, in a current large or small hand. The instrument used in the process consists of a board, a guide, and a slide-rest—the object of the apparatus being to guide the hand, and cause regularity. It will be comprehended that the writing so executed can be read only by those who see. A blind person writing for the press would follow this plan.

Professor Saunderson, teacher of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, who was blind (see his biography in the 61st number of the Journal), invented a table for himself, by which he could cast up accounts. It consisted of a surface cut into squares, with grooves between, which crossed each other. Each square had nine holes, and according to the hole in which a pin was put, so was the figure distinguished. The squares being arranged in lines upwards, and also sideways, and each representing one figure, he was able to perform all the rules of arithmetic by its means. An improvement has been made on this plan; but it has not been found to answer the purpose so well as the simple process of computation by pins, also invented by Mr Gall, junior. All the apparatus now required by the blind to cast accounts, consists of a quantity of ordinary pins and a cushion; if a cushion be not at hand, any soft substance, such as the seat of a chair, a bed, a carpet, or the sleeve of a coat, will be sufficient. The ten figures and their combinations are represented by pins stuck into the cushion—the way in which the head of the pin points or projects being indicative of a number. For example, 1 is represented by the pin stuck with its head pointing from the person, 2 by its pointing to the right, 3 by its pointing towards the person, and 4 by its pointing to the left; 5, 6, 7, and 8, are respectively represented by two pins close together, pointing variously in the same manner; 9 is two pins with their heads projecting upwards, and 0 is one pin projecting upwards. A very little practice is sufficient to imprint the value of these tangible signs on the memory. In business transactions, the pin notation will be found to be most valuable to the blind. It occupies the place of a scroll journal. Every customer has a small cushion appropriated to his accounts. These cushions have a loop of tape or riband sewed to the corner by which it is to hang. This loop fixes the position of the cushion, and is always supposed to be at the top, on the right hand. The person's name being written with the stamps on paper, is pinned to the centre of the top; and when an article is to be charged against him, the name of the article may either be written in the same way, or indicated by peculiar combinations of pins. The blind ought always to be taught book-keeping. This is done first by making them cast the accounts on the cushion, and then copy them into the cash-book or ledger with the stamps. The pincushion is the universal album of the blind. Not only are the arithmetical figures represented by its means, but any kind of diagram may be represented to the touch. In forming diagrams, the pins are thrust into the cushion to the very head, in lines corresponding with the shape intended to be felt. The heads of the pins, therefore, are the only parts which are felt—each head represents a point, and a succession of them represents a line. It is necessary to have a pair of wooden compasses for the forming of geometrical diagrams. Instead of the limbs terminating in points, as in other compasses, there is a small nick at each extremity, into which the pin is placed before thrusting it down. The sides of the limbs are straight—one of them having slight grooves cut at regular distances, for making straight lines by rows of pins; the other having the grooves cut at distances of half an inch—every alternate groove being distinguished by a larger indentation at the top.

The pincushion is found to be an invaluable apparatus in the school and study of the blind. Young persons may be taught to read by it, for every body knows how easy it is to form letters by heads of pins; a knowledge of writing may be communicated in the same manner; memorandums may be made, diagrams drawn, and the outlines and relative distances of geographical objects communicated, all by means of a simple cushion and a pennyworth of pins.

It is of considerable importance to have a plan by which the blind may be taught music scientifically. Hitherto they have acquired a knowledge of tunes entirely by the ear, and retained a recollection of the notes by the memory. We are happy to say that this deficiency is now obviated. The blind may now sing music from the book, almost as advantageously as if they had the use of their eyes. The notation for them

is not by dots and five parallel lines, that being too complex an arrangement. A new notation has been invented, so simple that any one could understand how to sing from it with only one lesson. The notes are represented by the numbers 1 2 3 4 5 6 7. The "rest" is represented by a 0. To give an idea of time, points are used after the figures; one point doubles the time of the simple figure; two points multiplies it by four; and three points multiplies it by eight. If more than this be required, a line after the figure indicates four of the points, and one, or two points, may follow it, so as to multiply the time of the simple figure by six-four. For a full account of this very interesting branch of education for the blind, we must refer to the authority under mentioned, from which we have gleaned these particulars; it may be enough here to present the following example of the notation of part of a well-known tune in church music:—

1.	1	7	6	5	1.	2.	3.
All	peo	- plo	that	on	earth	do	dwell,
3.	3	3	2	1	4.	3.	2.
Sing	to the	Lord	with	cheer	- ful	voice.	

Music of this description may be printed with the types used in the books for the blind, may be written with the stamps or typhograph, or may be represented by pins on the pincushion.

We have now presented a faithful though very imperfect account of what has lately been done to facilitate the school education and general instruction of the blind. We should, however, be justly accused of negligence, if we omitted to mention in conclusion, that the great moving spring of action in the various improvements carried into effect, has been Mr Gall of Edinburgh, the gentleman already alluded to. For although his success as the founder of a permanent literature for this helpless portion of his fellow-creatures, has latterly raised up several labourers in the same field, it is worthy of remark, that his operations were complete, if not perfect, several years before the public mind could be sufficiently roused to perceive its importance, far less to excite competition. Had it not been for his extraordinary exertions in behalf of the education of the blind, and literature for their use, little progress would as yet have been made in this great work of charity and mercy. And we sincerely hope that his exertions will ultimately be rewarded as they deserve.†

LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES.

HAVING spoken of the eating-houses of the metropolis, we now have to say a few words regarding the coffee-houses, which are places of singular convenience and utility to a large part of the population, and very largely patronised.

The London coffee-houses are of two classes. We believe those of the first class are comparatively few in number, and partake a good deal of the character of hotels. Some of them, indeed, though called coffee-houses, are in strict propriety hotels. Dinners of all kinds are provided in them, and wine and all descriptions of ardent spirits are regularly to be had, the same as in a tavern. The charges for the various articles furnished in these establishments, vary according to circumstances; but some of those whose pretensions are most moderate, are much more expensive than the second class of coffee-houses. In most of the taverns there is a large apartment called the "Coffee-room." The name is a misnomer. Tea or coffee are scarcely ever to be seen in these "coffee-rooms" of taverns, except at breakfast time. They are rooms in which dinner, supper, &c., with all kinds of wines and spirits, are served up agreeably to the orders of the customers. They are, in other words, places in which all strangers meet, the same as in the largest rooms of country inns, either in England or Scotland. We mention this fact, because a great many strangers, misled by the words "coffee-room," go into these places under the impression that they are going into houses which are appropriated to the sale of tea and coffee.

There are a few coffee-houses in London, which possess certain features peculiar to themselves. Allusion is here made to those which, in addition to their furnishing the same articles as the other coffee-houses of a superior class, take in the majority of the country as well as the whole of the London newspapers, in order that they may be accessible to those who wish to consult them. The leading coffee-houses of this kind are Peele's, in Fleet Street; the Chapter, opposite the north side of St Paul's; and Deacon's, at the back of the Mansion-House. These houses are remarkably convenient for those who may have occasion to examine the country papers, and the terms are very moderate. If you order any thing to eat, or tea or

* An Account of the Recent Discoveries which have been made for facilitating the Education of the Blind, with specimens of the Books, Maps, Pictures, &c. for their Use. Printed in behalf of the Edinburgh School for the Blind. Edinburgh: published by James Gall, 1837.

† Since writing the above, we have seen a specimen of printing for the blind, brought into operation by Mr Alston, treasurer to the Asylum for the Blind in Glasgow. The letters are all capitals of the ordinary shape, and are not fretted. The specimen submitted for our inspection, is the book of Ruth, from the Old Testament, and consists of about ten quarto pages. We are informed that this species of printing for the blind is now in use in different places. While great praise is due to Mr Alston for his exertions, we are still disposed to think the angular lettering the best, and regret that a different plan should be followed.

coffee to drink, you are charged nothing for reading the papers; but if you do not, you are charged the very reasonable price of threepence. For this small sum you may not only sit in as comfortable a room as you could wish, and as long as you please, reading all the London papers, and those which have arrived in the morning from the country, amounting very often to sixty or seventy, but you may ask a sight of the file for the current quarter, of any paper you may wish to see. If you go farther back than the current quarter, but not the length of a year, you are charged sixpence. If you go farther back than twelve months, the price is one shilling; but not higher, whatever may be the date.

The three establishments just mentioned are numerously attended all day by persons who have occasion to examine the papers of a past date. The Chapter Coffee-house used to be a great place of resort for persons connected with the publishing trade; of late it has not been so to the same extent. It is still much frequented by commercial men, and its situation being in the very centre of the city, it is conveniently placed for such persons. Along with this class of houses, we should perhaps include the North and South American Coffee-house. At this celebrated place of resort, which is conveniently situated for men in business, in the street fronting the Royal Exchange, the principal American newspapers are always to be had for perusal, as well as various kinds of notifications regarding trade, commerce, shipping, and other maritime matters. Here also are to be seen the captains of vessels who are preparing to sail to different ports in the western continent and its islands. We shall suppose you wish to hear of a ship about to proceed to New York, or any other port in the states; Jamaica, or any of the other West India islands; Vera Cruz, Pernambuco, Rio Janeiro, Lima, or any other place in South America; or to the Sandwich, the Friendly, or any other islands in the Pacific—here the information is to be readily and agreeably obtained.

The second class of coffee-houses are altogether different from those which we have mentioned. The prices are remarkably moderate. In most of these establishments the charge is no more than three-halfpence for half a pint of coffee, or threepence for a whole pint. The price of a half pint of tea is twopenny; of a whole pint, fourpence. If you simply ask bread to your tea or coffee, two large slices, well buttered, are brought to you, for which you are charged twopenny. Or should you prefer having a penny roll, or any other sort of bread, you can have it at the same price as at the baker's. You may thus have a pint of coffee, and as much bread and butter as ought to satisfy any reasonable stomach, for fivepence. If you are inclined to indulge in the luxury of an egg, order it by all means, and your bill will just be the even sixpence. And who could grudge this for a good breakfast? for every thing is of the best quality. People in the country talk much of the necessary expensiveness of living in London. In many respects the metropolis is undoubtedly expensive. Rent, taxes, education, and various other things, are exorbitantly high, as compared with the country. But the necessities of life are, with few exceptions, as cheap in the metropolis as in any part of the kingdom; and the facilities afforded for cheap living to young persons, or those who have not families to support, are so great, that with the single exception of the price charged for one's lodgings, the expenditure of such persons need not exceed what it would be were they living in any small country town. In most of the coffee-houses, you may also have chops or steaks for dinner. If the party be a rigid economist, he may, as regards some of these establishments, purchase his steak or chop himself, and it will be prepared gratuitously for him; but if that be too much trouble for him to take, and he prefers ordering it at once, he will get, in many of these houses, his chop, with bread or potatoes to it, for sixpence, and his steak for ninepence or tenpence.

In many of the coffee-houses of a second or inferior nature, there are upper rooms, which are purposely intended for a superior class of persons—men whose manners and appearance show that they are accustomed to move in respectable spheres of society. The rooms in question are, in most of these establishments, fitted up in a style approaching to elegance, and are in every respect of the most comfortable description. Of course there is some difference in the charges as compared with those made in the lower rooms. That difference, however, is not great. What they generally are, will be understood when it is mentioned that the half pint of coffee in these upper rooms is charged twopenny-halfpenny, and the half pint of tea threepence. Almost all the proprietors of coffee-houses who keep upper rooms, at the same time provide beds for gentlemen. In fact, in these establishments, strangers visiting the metropolis, or those who may be settled for a time in it, have every accommodation in them which is afforded in the superior class of hotels, while the expenses are not half so great. It may be told, in proof of this statement, that in Mr Forbes's Cambrian Coffee-House, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, gentlemen visiting the metropolis, or having occasion to remain in it for some time, will find as comfortable accommodation in every respect as in the ordinary hotels, while the charges are at least one-half less. We particularly refer to the Cambrian Coffee-House, because it is situated in the most central and healthy part of London, and because it is surrounded by a host of hotels. The

cheapest of these hotels charge £1.1, 12s. per week for bed and breakfast, while the majority of them charge much higher; in Mr Forbes's coffee-house you may have the best beds and the best breakfasts, with every attendance, under £1.1. These coffee-houses of a superior class have many advantages over the hotels, besides the great difference in the prices charged. In the first place, there is much less formality or affected dignity about them, and they are far better provided with the means of rational amusement. They take in all the London papers and leading periodicals regularly, together with the most popular foreign and English provincial journals. To those gentlemen from the country who wish to combine comfort with economy, the coffee-houses of the above class are decidedly to be preferred to the hotels.

The entire number of coffee-houses in the metropolis is upwards of two thousand. They are, like the eating-houses described in a former article, divided into separate boxes, each of which is usually fitted up so as to accommodate six persons. It is impossible to say how many may visit these establishments in the course of a day for the purpose of getting refreshments; but taking the average at sixty, which I should think is no extravagant calculation, that would give the entire number who daily take part of their meals in these establishments, at 120,000. Coffee, tea, &c. are kept in a state of readiness all day, from five or six in the morning till eleven at night. And the promptitude with which a customer is served, is really surprising: you have scarcely given your order, when the articles you wish are on the table before you. The greatest civility also is always shown by the parties serving: the proprietors, indeed, take care that none but civil persons shall be in the establishment.

We have said that a certain description of the London coffee-houses are most liberally supplied with newspapers; and these newspapers, it should be added, are most liberally read. The moment a person gives his order for the articles he wants, he bespeaks his favourite journal, either after the last person who is reading it, or the last who has engaged it, and he seldom has long to wait for it; for in all establishments of the kind, there is a sort of tacit understanding among the customers, that no one keep any particular paper more than ten minutes. In some houses, a notice to that effect is affixed to the wall—usually, when it is known that others are waiting for a paper, it is not detained above four or five minutes. In some establishments, where the quantity of business done is very large, the proprietor, in order to ensure the regular transfer of the papers from one to another, according to the priority of time in which the different parties bespoken them, adopts the regulation that every person when done with any particular journal shall hand it to the waiters, who give it to the party who bespoken it.

These coffee-houses are places of great convenience in other respects than as regards their furnishing one with breakfast or tea at a cheap rate and at a moment's notice. If you wish simply to see all the daily papers, or to spend a few hours which would otherwise hang heavily on your hand, in a comfortable place, you can gratify your wishes at the small charge of three-halfpence. You can order, if you please, a cup of coffee without any thing to it, and for doing so you may sit if you wish from five or six hours in succession. In this last respect, strangers and persons not occupied, find these establishments to be places of great convenience. It is only unfortunate for strangers, that they have in general a great deal of difficulty in discovering the kind of establishments which would suit their taste or their desired expenditure; and it is to be regretted that there are no existing means for their readily acquiring the knowledge of which they are deficient.

MISS MARTINEAU ON AMERICA.*

SECOND NOTICE.

MISS MARTINEAU's sketches of the awful mischief of slavery are harrowing beyond any thing we recollect to have ever read. In thirteen of the twenty-six states, it still exists with all its corrupting and degrading influences, while in the north, where it never flourished in the same degree, and has long been abolished, sympathies of various kinds rear in its defence the strength of public opinion, and this to such an extent, that the few who have the courage to condemn it are almost expelled from society. Miss Martineau, however, speaks cheerfully of the noble army of abolition martyrs, and the influence which their conduct is, after all, exercising. Where the general evils of slavery are so tremendous, particular instances of the individual hardships it leads to are of comparatively little moment. Yet the following case is in itself so extremely severe, and the absence of all effort on the part of those around the sufferers to interfere in their behalf, gives so striking an idea of the chilling effect of slavery upon the finest feelings of our nature, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote it.

"A New Hampshire gentleman went down into Louisiana, many years ago, to take a plantation. He pursued the usual method; borrowing money largely to begin with, paying high interest, and clearing off his debt, year by year, as his crops were sold. He followed another

custom there, taking a Quadroon wife: a mistress, in the eye of the law, since there can be no legal marriage between whites and persons of any degree of colour: but in nature and in reason, the woman he took home was his wife. She was a well-principled, amiable, well-educated woman, and they lived happily together for twenty years. She had only the slightest possible tinge of colour. Knowing the law that the children of slaves are to follow the fortunes of the mother, she warned her husband that she was not free, an ancestress having been a slave, and the legal act of manumission having never been performed. The husband promised to look to it, but neglected it. At the end of twenty years, one died, and the other shortly followed, leaving daughters; whether two or three, I have not been able to ascertain with positive certainty; but I have reason to believe three, of the age of fifteen, seventeen, and eighteen: beautiful girls, with no perceptible mulatto tinge. The brother of their father came down from New Hampshire to settle the affairs, and he supposed, as every one else did, that the deceased had been wealthy. He was pleased with his nieces, and promised to carry them back with him into New Hampshire, and (as they were to all appearance perfectly white) to introduce them into the society which by educating they were fitted for. It appeared, however, that their father had died insolvent. The deficiency was very small, but it was necessary to make an inventory of the effects to deliver to the creditors. This was done by the brother—the executor. Some of the creditors called on him, and complained that he had not delivered in a faithful inventory. He declared he had. No: the number of slaves was not accurately set down: he had omitted the daughters. The executor was overwhelmed with horror, and asked time for thought. He went round among the creditors, appealing to their mercy; but they answered that these young ladies were 'a first-rate article,' too valuable to be relinquished. He next offered (though he had himself six children, and very little money) all he had for the redemption of his nieces; alleging that it was more than they would bring in the market for house or field labour. This was refused with scorn. It was said that there were other purposes for which the girls would bring more than for field or house labour. The uncle was in despair, and felt strongly tempted to wish their death rather than their surrender to such a fate as was before them. He told them, abruptly, what was their prospect. He declares that he never before beheld human grief; never before heard the voice of anguish. They never ate, nor slept, nor separated from each other, till the day when they were taken into the New Orleans slave-market. There they were sold, separately, at high prices, for the vilest of purposes: and where each is gone, no one knows. They are, for the present, lost. But they will arise to the light in the day of retribution."

To give at the same time some notion of the heroic virtues which swell beneath the negro bosom, we may add the following:—"A friend of mine was well acquainted at Washington with a woman who had been a slave, and who, after gaining her liberty, worked incessantly for many years, denying herself all but absolute necessities, in order to redeem her husband and children. She was a sick-nurse when my friend knew her, and, by her merits, obtained good pay. She had first bought herself; having earned, by extra toil, three or four hundred dollars. She then carried the same sum, and redeemed her husband; and had bought three, out of her five children, when my friend last saw her. She made no boast of her industry and self-denial. Her story was extracted from her by questions, and she obviously felt that she was doing what was merely unavoidable. It is impossible to help instituting a comparison between this woman and the gentlemen who, by their own licentiousness, increase the number of slave children whom they sell in the market. My friend formerly carried an annual present from a distant part of the country to this poor woman: but it is not known what is become of her, and whether she died before she had completed her object of freeing all her family."

One peculiarity of the American condition receives large notice in these volumes—the tyranny of public opinion, that is, the opinion of the majority, over the minority. A late writer, De Tocqueville, was the first, we believe, to point out this distressing feature of republican America. Miss Martineau has the greatest occasion to insist upon and deplore it, that it interferes so fatally with the progress of her favourite question, the abolition of slavery. She makes the following quotation from a pamphlet published at Boston in 1835:—"Liberty of thought and opinion is strenuously maintained: in this proud land it has become almost a wearisome cant: our speeches and journals, religious and political, are made nauseous by the rapid and vain-glorious reiteration. But does it, after all, characterise any community among us? Is there any one to which a qualified observer shall point, and say, 'There opinion is free?' On the contrary, it is not a fact, a sad and deplorable fact, that in no land on earth is the mind more fettered than it is here? That here what we call public opinion has set up a despotism, such as exists nowhere else? Public opinion—a tyrant, sitting in the dark, wrapped up in mystification and vague terrors of obscurity; deriving power no one knows from whom; like an Asian monarch, unapproachable, unimpeachable, undethronable, perhaps illegitimate—but irresistible in its power to quell thought, to repress action, to silence conviction—and bringing the timid perpetually under an unworthy bondage of mean fear to some impostor opinion, some noisy judgment, which gets astride on the popular breath for a day, and controls, through the lips of impudent folly, the speech and actions of the wise. From this influence and rule, from this bondage to opinion, no community, as such, is free; though doubt-

* Society in America. By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. London, Saunders and Otley. 1837.

individuals are. But your community, brethren, based on the principles which you profess, is bound to be so." Among the illustrations of this horrible bondage presented by Miss Martineau, is the silence observed by the newspapers respecting the open murder of various individuals in the southern states, by what is called Lynch law. We turn from this subject with sorrow and sickening of spirit, but are very sensible that America is not the only place, affecting to call itself free, where opinion is enchained—that, in fact, there is not at present any nation so far enlightened as to allow perfect freedom of opinion to all its members, whatever be the nature of its institutions. If there were any absurdity or error in the condition of the British nation, equally monstrous with that of slavery, and upon the existence of which the most of the people believed their lives and fortunes to depend, the instinct of self-preservation would cause them to treat dissent with precisely the same severity.

THIRD VOLUME OF MR LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

This volume takes up the memoir at the removal of the poet's family from Ashiestel to Abbotsford in May 1812, and concludes with the writing of Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk in December 1815. We think it decidedly the most interesting part of the work since the first half of the first volume. It gives some new and surprising information respecting certain business speculations in which Scott was secretly concerned, on the one hand in the printing firm of James Ballantyne and Co., and on the other in the publishing firm of John Ballantyne and Co. What he had entered upon, from a too eager anxiety to add the solid and permanent profits of trade to the precarious gains of his pen, and the limited but still respectable revenues of his offices, ultimately proved the source of great mental anxiety and severe pecuniary loss, chiefly, it would appear, from the imprudent management of Mr John Ballantyne, who, with the highest qualifications as a boon companion, was apparently incompetent to conduct business. In fact, the ruinous involvements of 1826 seem to have taken place on a smaller scale in 1813, and Rokeby, the Lord of the Isles, Waverley, and Guy Mannering, were all of them written in the greatest haste, in order to raise funds wherewith to avoid the humiliation of bankruptcy. Upon the whole, the transactions of this era leave a somewhat painful impression respecting the Great Minstrel: it is impossible to avoid lamenting, that, with a good stated income, and the certainty of realising a large addition to it by intellectual labours brought before the world in the usual way, he should have deemed it necessary to become a third-sharer in the profits of the printer and the publisher—should have urged these men into many unwieldy and ill-concocted "speculations;" and finally, that his selection of at least one of them as a medium of mercantile enterprise should have proved so little creditable to his sagacity. Never was author in a situation to assume a more independent relation towards publishers than Scott, and never did author so fatally unite his interests to theirs. The facts are most surprising—the lesson most edifying. This man might have become a prince by his own proper genius—the booksellers, along with his own too great anxiety for the rapid acquisition of fortune, brought him to insolvency.

The pain of these disclosures is relieved by Scott's generous refusal of the laureateship in favour of a less fortunate son of the muses, and by the manly industry with which he endeavoured to clear off the debts of his imprudent allies. The public will learn with astonishment that the two last volumes of Waverley were written in three weeks, and that Guy Mannering was the production of six weeks at Christmas. In reference to the first of these phenomena, Mr Lockhart adds—"It recalls to my memory a trifling anecdote, which, as connected with a dear friend of my youth, whom I have not seen for many years, and may very probably never see again in this world, I shall here set down, in the hope of affording him a momentary, though not an unmixt pleasure, when he may chance to read this compilation on a distant shore—and also in the hope that my humble record may impart to some active mind in the rising generation a shadow of the influence which the reality certainly exerted upon his. Happening to pass through Edinburgh in June 1814, I dined one day with the gentleman in question (now the Honourable William Menzies, one of the Supreme Judges at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with, North Castle Street (in which, at a short distance, was Scott's house). It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the as-

pect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably,' exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.' This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of Waverley. Would that all who that night watched it, had profited by its example of diligence as largely as William Menzies!

The following anecdote puts Scott's presence of mind in a favourable light:—"I have to open the year 1814 with a melancholy story. Mention has been made, more than once, of Henry Weber, a poor German scholar, who, escaping to this country in 1804, from misfortunes in his own, excited Scott's compassion, and was thenceforth furnished, through his means, with literary employment of various sorts. Weber was a man of considerable learning; but Scott, as was his custom, appears to have formed an exaggerated notion of his capacity, and certainly countenanced him, to his own severe cost, in several most unfortunate undertakings. When not engaged on things of a more ambitious character, he had acted for ten years as his protector's amanuensis, and when the family were in Edinburgh, he very often dined with them. There was something very interesting in his appearance and manners; he had a fair, open countenance, in which the honesty and the enthusiasm of his nation were alike visible; his demeanour was gentle and modest; and he had not only a stock of curious antiquarian knowledge, but the reminiscences, which he detailed with amusing simplicity, of an early life chequered with many strange enough adventures. He was, in short, much a favourite with Scott and all the household, and was invited to dine with them so frequently, chiefly because his friend was aware that he had an unhappy propensity to drinking, and was anxious to keep him away from places where he might have been more likely to indulge it. This vice, however, had been growing on him; and of late Scott had found it necessary to make some rather severe remonstrances about habits which were at once injuring his health, and interrupting his literary industry.

They had, however, parted kindly when Scott left Edinburgh at Christmas 1813—and the day after his return, Weber attended him as usual in his library, being employed in transcribing extracts during several hours, while his friend, seated over against him, continued working at the Life of Swift. The light beginning to fail, Scott threw himself back in his chair, and was about to ring for candles, when he observed the German's eyes fixed upon him with an unusual solemnity of expression. 'Weber,' said he, 'what's the matter with you?' 'Mr Scott,' said Weber rising, 'you have long insulted me, and I can bear it no longer. I have brought a pair of pistols with me, and must insist on your taking one of them instantly; and with that he produced the weapons, which had been deposited under his chair, and laid one of them on Scott's manuscript. 'You are mistaken, I think,' said Scott, 'in your way of setting about this affair—but no matter. It can, however, be no part of your object to annoy Mrs Scott and the children; therefore, if you please, we will put the pistols into the drawer till after dinner, and then arrange to go out together like gentlemen.' Weber answered with equal coolness, 'I believe that will be better,' and laid the second pistol also on the table. Scott locked them both in his desk, and said, 'I am glad you have felt the propriety of what I suggested—let me only request further that nothing may occur while we are at dinner to give my wife any suspicion of what has been passing.' Weber again assented, and Scott withdrew to his dressing-room, from which he immediately dispatched a message to one of Weber's intimate companions—and then dinner was served, and Weber joined the family circle as usual. He conducted himself with perfect composure, and every thing seemed to go on in the ordinary way, until whisky and hot water being produced, Scott, instead of inviting his guest to help himself, mixed two moderate tumblers of toddy, and handed one of them to Weber, who, upon that, started up with a furious countenance, but instantly sat down again, and when Mrs Scott expressed her fear that he was ill, answered placidly that he was liable to spasms, but that the pain was gone. He then took the glass, eagerly gulped down its contents, and pushed it back to Scott. At this moment the friend who had been sent for made his appearance, and Weber, on seeing him enter the room, rushed past him and out of the house, without stopping to put on his hat. The friend, who pursued instantly, came up with him at the end of the street, and did all he could to soothe his agita-

tion, but in vain. The same evening he was obliged to be put into a strait waistcoat; and though, in a few days, he exhibited such symptoms of recovery that he was allowed to go by himself to pay a visit in the north of England, he there soon relapsed, and continued ever afterwards a hopeless lunatic, being supported to the end of his life in June 1818, at Scott's expense, in an asylum at York."

Mr Lockhart, in this volume, gives many curious particulars regarding Scott's ways of acting in reference to his works—as, for instance, that, when he published any thing with his name, he went to the Parliament House and appeared amongst his friends as if nothing of the kind had been done, but that, when he published anonymously, he generally contrived to be in the country at the time. His indifference about the success of his works is strongly marked by his going away, immediately on the publication of Waverley, on a six weeks' sail round the northern coasts of Scotland, where he could not for the whole time expect to hear a single word about the progress his novel might make in public favour. The following anecdote to the same purpose strikes us as extremely characteristic. It bears reference to his last great poem, the Lord of the Isles:—"The poem is now, I believe," says Mr Lockhart, "about as popular as Rokeby; but it has never reached the same station in general favour with the Lay, Marmion, or the Lady of the Lake. The first edition of 1800 copies in quarto, was, however, rapidly disposed of, and the separate editions in octavo, which ensued before his poetical works were collected, amounted together to 12,250 copies. This, in the case of almost any other author, would have been splendid success; but as compared with what he had previously experienced, even in his Rokeby, and still more so, as compared with the enormous circulation at once attained by Lord Byron's early tales, which were then following each other in almost breathless succession, the falling off was decided. One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call upon him, and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of Guy Mannering. I give what follows, from Ballantyne's Memoranda:—"Well, James," he said, 'I have given you a week—what are people saying about the Lord of the Isles?' I hesitated a little after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—Disappointment.' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event; for it is a singular fact, that, before the public, or rather the booksellers, had given their decision, he no more knew whether he had written well or ill, than whether a die thrown out of a box was to turn up a size or an ace. However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather than his poetical popularity should have lasted so long, than that it should have now at last given way. At length he said with perfect cheerfulness, 'Well, well, James, so be it—but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else;' and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel.

Ballantyne concludes the anecdote in these words:—"He spoke thus, probably unaware of the undiscovered wonders then slumbering in his mind. Yet still he could not but have felt that the production of a few poems was nothing in comparison of what must be in reserve for him, for he was at this time scarcely more than forty." An evening or two after, I called again on him, and found on the table a copy of the Giaour, which he seemed to have been reading. Having an enthusiastic young lady in my house, I asked him if I might carry the book home with me, but chancing to glance on the autograph blazon, 'To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his subjects,' instantly retracted my request, and said I had not observed Lord Byron's inscription before. 'What inscription?' said he; 'Oh yes, I had forgot, but inscription or no inscription, you are equally welcome.' I again took it up, and he continued, 'James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow.' At this time he had never seen Byron, but I knew he meant soon to be in London, when, no doubt, the mighty consummation of the meeting of the two bards would be accomplished; and I ventured to say that he must be looking forward to it with some interest. His countenance became fixed, and he answered impressively, 'Oh, of course.' In a minute or two afterwards he rose from his chair, paced the room at a very rapid rate, which was his practice in certain moods of mind, then made a dead halt, and bursting into an extravagance of laughter, 'James,' cried he, 'I'll tell you what Byron should say to me when we are about to accost each other—

'Art thou the man whom men famed Grizel call?'

And then how germane would be my answer—

'Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the small?'

'This,' says the printer, 'is a specimen of his peculiar humour; it kept him full of mirth for the rest of the evening.'

* He was not forty-four till August 1814.

AN EMIGRANTS LETTER.

In a late number of the Inverness Courier, we find the following letter from a Canadian emigrant, which contains some remarks well worthy of the attention of a part of our home population. It is dated from Sandwich, in the western district of Upper Canada, in the early part of the present year:—

"We lately received intelligence of the destitution which threatens your Highland population, the accounts of which, awful and appalling as they are, I am disposed fully to credit. I should smile, however, could I do so without seeming to insult the sufferings of your countrymen, at the infatuation that leads thousands among them to prefer penury, if not starvation, on the barren hills of Scotland, to that happy competence of the necessities of life which elsewhere is certain to result from sobriety of conduct and industry. I know that in every mind, the most humble and untutored, as well as the most cultivated and refined, there is an *amor patrie*, a love to home, that fosters almost unconquerable attachment to the scenes of childhood, and often rivets itself more closely around those bleak 'cloud-capped' mountains, on which, long ago, 'when life itself was young,' we were wont to gaze, not so much with admiration as with love and friendship, where now the eye of the stranger sees nought but solitary grandeur and barren magnificence. These are scenes to which, amid all my wanderings, my heart still turns with many fond recollections—scenes hallowed in my memory by the dim distance through which they are recalled, and by the 'sadly pleasing' remembrance of youthful companions with which they are associated, now scattered over the world, and many of them, alas! mingling in quiet repose with the ashes of their fathers. This, however, is the poetry, the romance of life. Seriously, while your over-crowded population are in want of sustenance, and while the necessities of life are here to be had in abundance, it is an insult to the understanding of your countrymen, if not a proof of moral guilt, that the blessings provided by God should be so overlooked, and that so many should remain at home, trusting to public charity for support, and, it may be, callously wrapped up in indolence and want of energy.

An opinion has somehow got abroad among you that by coming to this country you pass beyond the pale of civilisation, and of social happiness;—nothing can be more absurd. True, many emigrants who possess a little money on their arrival, wrought up by the exaggerated representations of interested parties, or taken with the dream of independence, purchase tracts of land where neither situation, climate, nor society, remind them of home; and having expended their little all on the purchase, are compelled to labour for the support of existence, amid the dreary solitude of boundless forests. I regret to say that our land companies, who make a traffic of emigration, often take advantage of the emigrant's ignorance to settle him down on the very outskirts of civilisation; and pleased at first with the extent of his domains, and the prospect of future comfort, it is only after a few months of residence that he finds his dreams of happiness vanish, and his spirit sink within him from the absence of social converse, and of all the blessings of well-regulated society.

In this district, where, after mature consideration, I have finally settled, the case is fortunately reversed. Having at a very early period been colonised by the French, and since that time vastly improved by its numerous proprietors, it has all the commercial advantages of the mother country, with infinitely greater capabilities of supplying the raw materials. The fertility of our soil is even here proverbial, and our produce superior in quality; so much so, that our wheat is uniformly a shilling ahead of any other. Along the sides of the isthmus on which we are planted (for with the lake St Clair on the one hand, and Erie on the other, it almost is such), there is ready and cheap conveyance by steam; while the Thames, a noble and majestic stream that intersects the interior, opens up the inland parts. Not even a tree is felled in the remotest parts of the country, but may be conveyed by water to market. That of Detroit on the American side is flocked to from all parts of the Union and of the British possessions; and, both from the numbers that attend, and the quality of the articles produced, is among the best in the country. There is abundance of woodcock, snipe, and deer in the district.

But what chiefly fixed my determination was the salubrity of the climate, which, compared with that of Lower Canada, and most parts of Upper, is immeasurably superior.

We have abundance of room for settlers. Were you to sail down the Thames for instance, and see the country along its banks studded with cultivated farms, and closely shaded behind with the 'tall trees of nature's growth,' waving their majestic foliage to the breeze of heaven, and seeming to court the hand of man to remove them from the situations in which they have so long flourished untouched; were you to meet the steam-boats as they ply their course upwards—their decks crowded with emigrants, driven perhaps from the land of their fathers, and now come to seek a home 'beyond the western wave,' you would, as I have often done, heave a sigh for the wretchedness in other climes that here might be relieved—for the starving inmates of many a hovel that here might have 'plenty and to spare.'

The only assurance I can give is, that the more you send, the greater good you will do; and having no object yourself to accomplish, your representations will be more readily credited. There is plenty of work for labourers at our piers, roads, and railways, and many other extensive public undertakings."

It may be added, that the best route for emigrants to the western part of Upper Canada, is by New York, the Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence by steam communication on the lakes. We warn all persons whatsoever from proceeding by the St Lawrence, the voyage and inland sailing by that route being both dangerous and exceedingly disagreeable. Let a good American vessel, if possible, be selected, from the ports of Greenock, Liverpool, or London.

VERSES BY MOTHERWELL,

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

[William Motherwell, the author of many beautiful poetical pieces, and editor of a Glasgow newspaper, died, October 1833, at the early age of thirty-seven. The Glasgow Constitution of May 13, 1837, presented the following verses, with the information that they were written a few days before the lamented death of their author, and that, at the approach of spring last year, a female had been observed, as in fulfilment of the aspirations here so plaintively uttered, planting the snow-drop and primrose on his grave in the Necropolis.]

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,

Life's fever o'er,

Will there for me be any bright eye weeping

That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory keeping

Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,

Like full hearts break;

When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,

Sad music make;

Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,

Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining

With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,

Burst through that clay;

Will there be one still on that spot repining

Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles, with its eye of glory,

On that low mound;

And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary

Its loneliness crown'd;

Will there be then one versed in misery's story

Facing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow

To ask such heed—

A weakness and a wickedness to borrow

From hearts which bleed,

The wallings of to-day for what to-morrow

Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling—

Thou gentle heart;

And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,

Let us tear start;

It were in vain—for Time has long been knelling:

Sad one, depart!

A COURT PHYSICIAN.

In an essay written by Sir Henry Hallford, and published a few years ago, we find the following remarkable statement made, regarding the line of conduct to be pursued by physicians, in the matter of publishing accounts of the health of royal personages. The passage, says the Quarterly Review, is "in the highest degree honourable to the physician who writes, and to his illustrious patient."

"If in cases attended with danger in private life, the physician has need of discretion and sound sense to direct his conduct, the difficulty must doubtless be increased when his patient is of so elevated a station that his safety becomes an object of anxiety to the nation. In such circumstances, the physician has a duty to perform, not only to the sick personage and his family, but also to the public, who, in their extreme solicitude for his recovery, sometimes desire disclosures which are incompatible with it. Bulletins respecting the health of a sovereign differ widely from the announcements which a physician is called upon to make in humbler life, and which he entrusts to the prudence of surrounding friends. These public documents may become known to the royal sufferer himself. Is the physician, then, whilst endeavouring to relieve the anxiety or satisfy the curiosity of the nation, to endanger the safety of the patient, or, at least, his comfort? Surely not. But whilst it is his object to state as accurately as possible the present circumstances and the comparative condition of the disease, he will consider that conjectures respecting its cause and probable issue are not to be hazarded without extreme caution. He will not write one word which is calculated to mislead; but neither ought he to be called upon to express so much as, if reported to the patient, would destroy all hope, and hasten that catastrophe which it is his duty and their first wish to prevent.

Meanwhile, the family of the monarch and the government have a claim to fuller information than can, with propriety or even common humanity, be imparted to the public at large. In the case of his late majesty, the king's government and the royal family were apprised, as early as the 27th of April, that his majesty's disease was seated in his heart, and that an effusion of water into the chest was soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May—when his majesty was so discouraged by repeated attacks in the embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire me to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give him my candid opinion of its probable termination—that the opportunity occurred of acknowledging to his majesty the extent of my fears for his safety.—After this, when 'he had set his house in order,' I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose in as favourable a light as I could, for his majesty's satisfaction; and we were enabled thereby to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks, to maintain his confidence in his medical resources, and to spare him the pain of contemplating approaching death, until a few minutes before his majesty expired."

How court-like is this! A royal personage is to be spared the contemplation of approaching death till a few minutes before dissolution! The nation, also, must not be told the truth, for fear of hurting the

comfort of the royal patient. Perhaps this is all right. But it is proper that the public should, at least, know what is the practice in such cases—what is the extent of credit they should give to the bulletins published for their information.

CIVILISATION IN THE EAST.

It is pleasant to observe the arts of Europe striking their roots among the semi-barbarous nations of Asia, where society has been stationary for ages. Though the minds of the people there generally view the wonders of our advanced civilisation with stupid indifference, superior minds start up from time to time, who catch a glimpse of their importance, and become fired with an enthusiastic desire to transplant them among their countrymen. We have examples in the Turkish Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt; and the following letter (dated Bangkok, 15th June 1836), sent us by a correspondent, brings under our notice another Eastern prince who seems disposed to tread in their steps. The letter is written by an Englishman, Bangkok is a seaport, at the head of the Gulf of Siam, fifty miles from Juthia, the capital of the kingdom, and about 1000 miles south-east from the mouths of the Ganges. The Siamese are nearly in the same state of civilisation with the people of British India:—

"Choufa, brother to the present king, and heir to the throne, is devoting his whole attention to the introduction of the English arts. He has at present some hundreds of mechanics at work round his palace, making masts and fitting out rigging for ships, which he is building from English models. These men are under the superintendence of three or four British sailors, who reside in the palace. He has also a body of soldiers, in British uniforms, drilled before him every day. His Royal Highness reads and writes English well. Our language is encouraged at the palace; he has got a library of English books, and a museum worthy of attention. The trade from the west is limited to one or two English ships, which visit us once a-year about Christmas, for sugar, and to a few small vessels. There is also a considerable trade with the Chinese. The jealousy of the government, the enormous exactions which the king levies from European vessels, and the heavy port-dues, are the principal barriers to trade. The natural fertility of the soil, and the valuable products of the country, we would think, would open the eyes of the government to the interests of the country—make them take off their hurtful restrictions, and open their city to a free and unrestricted commerce. But the royal prerogative is too much curtailed by a powerful aristocracy. Wallowing in indolence and Eastern luxury, they are jealous of any innovation which might tend to enlighten the minds of the people. When such is the state of the country, agriculture and commerce are neglected, and in a great measure prohibited; the rights and liberties of the lower orders are very restricted; and any improvement which might extend them, is violently opposed by the nobles. However, the prince shows symptoms that he will begin his career on principles tending to the improvement of his country. He is exceedingly fond of the English, for which he runs the risk of incurring the displeasure, who hates them. The prince is a very well made man, very fond of wrestling and feats of gymnastics, in which he excels; he possesses a great deal of ingenuity, a frank disposition, and liberal sentiments. The Christian residents of the capital comprehend only a few American missionaries, a British and a Portuguese merchant, at which houses the prince is a frequent visitor."—From a number of the Scotsman of some months ago.

INJURY DONE BY SPIRITS IN CASES OF EXHAUSTION.

James Hogg, in speaking of a certain snow-storm, and the sufferings which it caused to shepherds, makes the following observation:—"It may not be amiss here to remark, that it was a received opinion all over the country, that sundry lives were lost, and a great many more endangered, by the administering of sedent spirits to the sufferers while in a state of exhaustion. It was a practice against which I entered my vehement protest; nevertheless, the voice of the multitude should never be disregarded. A little bread and sweet milk, or even a little bread and cold water, it was said, proved a much safer restorative in the fields. There is no denying that there were some who took a glass of spirits that night that never spoke another word, even though they were continuing to walk and converse when their friends found them. On the other hand, there was one woman who left her children, and followed her husband's dog, who brought her to his master lying in a state of insensibility. He had fallen down barked among the snow, and was all covered over save one corner of his plaid. She had nothing better to do with her, when she set out, than a bottle of sweet milk and a little oatmeal cake, and yet with the help of these, she so recruited his spirits as to get him safe home, though not without long and active perseverance. She took two little vials with her, and in these she heated the milk in her bosom. That man would not in future be disposed to laugh at the silliness of the fair sex."

IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PUNCTUATION.

The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool, during the year 1819, was thrown into by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements—thus:—"The lamps at present are about 4000, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have succeeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads, instead of being half the usual quantity, the commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following instead of preceding the word *each*. The parties agreed to annul the contract, and a new one was ordered.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Serjeant Weir, of the Scots Greys, was pay-serjeant of his troop, and, as such, might have been excused serving in action, and, perhaps, he should not have been forward; but, on such a day as the battle of Waterloo, he requested to be allowed to charge with the regiment. In one of the charges he fell, mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scott, of the same regiment (who lost a leg), asserts, that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain, the body of Serjeant Weir was searched with his name written on his forehead, by his own hand, dipped in his own blood. This, his comrade said, he was supposed to have done that his body might be found and known, and that he might not be imagined he had disappeared with the money of the troop.

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